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XVIII.

Heavy is lead and so is stone,
 So is his heart, that lives alone;
 But heavier far it is, they tell,
 To say to her one loves,—farewell.

XIX.

Both old maids and young ones, the witless and wise
 Gain husbands at pleasure, while none will me prize;
 Ah! why should the swains think so meanly of me,
 And I full as comely as any they see!

XX.

My fair one is the blooming year,
 April, May, and June beside:
 The sun-beam smiles, as she draws near,
 Pearl of maidens and the pride.

XXI.

The birds delight upon the spray,
 And lambs on clover-meads to play;
 For me, at summer's noon I love
 To muse in peace within the grove.

XXII.

Blessings to that hour belong,
 When, erst a youth, my merry strain
 Join'd the cuckoo's jocund song,
 Near to the grove on yonder plain.

* * *

ODE on the DEATH of Sir THOMAS PICTON,

BY THE REV. DAVID ROWLAND.

[Although it is contrary to the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON to admit any modern productions, that have already appeared in other periodical publications, the merit of these lines would alone be sufficient to justify the exception here made in their favour, even if it had not been required for the purpose of comparing them with the Welsh translation, inserted in the two preceding pages.—Ed.]

O WAKE the lyre, ye minstrels hoar,
 The deep-ton'd strings of sorrow sweep;
 For Cambria's hero is no more,
 Around his tomb her daughters weep.

Weep on, ye forms angelic,—pour
 A flood of tears upon that tomb;
 A mightier warrior ye deplore
 Than any son of Greece or Rome.

Brave PICTON, son of Victory,
 His life-blood shed this realm to save,
 The arm, that set all Europe free,
 Lies nerveless in the clay-cold grave.

He left the world a legacy,
 Peace profound and prospects bright;
 His work achieved, his soul burst free,
 And wing'd her way to realms of light.

Who can recount each daring deed,
 The feats of valour he perform'd :
 The hosts he chac'd with eagle-speed,
 The battles gain'd, the forts he storm'd ?

His deeds shall swell the trump of fame,
 Worth from honour who can sever ?
 He died—but left a deathless name,
 In glory's blaze 'twill live for ever*.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ENGLYN,

In Page 110.

The massy crag, which tower'd on high,
 And seem'd to touch the azure sky,
 Exacting, like a monarch proud,
 A dewy tribute from each cloud,
 Is undermined by swelling frost,
 Its fissures wedged, its base is lost :
 Detached, it moves in horrid stride,
 And tumbles down the mountain-side.
 Surging o'er rocks it brooks no stay,
 And crashes through the brakes its way,
 Till on Neath's margin one great bound
 Imbeds it in the trembling ground.
 A fragment thus records a tale
 Of fallen grandeur in the vale.

Bath, Sept. 20, 1819.

B.

* This Ode was sung at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, on the 9th of July, 1819, by Miss Bartlett, adapted to the air of ANHAWD YMADAFL. The preceding translation is the composition of the three individuals, whose names are affixed to the several stanzas, and was undertaken by them with the intention of rendering it as close to the original as the strict rules of Welsh poetry would permit, allowing an Englyn to each English stanza.
 Ed.